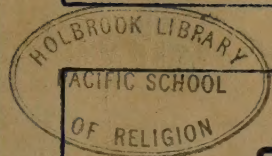


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SPECIAL ARTICLES

"Coming Over to Help You"

H. H. Underwood, Ph. D., Litt. D.

The Dedication of a Home

Miss Catherine Baker

A Page of Poems

Rev. J. G. Holdcroft, D.D. Mrs. W. N. Blair

Mrs. Edward Adams Rev. F. S. Miller

The Fire in the Diamond Mountains

Rev. S. Y. Yun

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MARCH, 1940

SEOUL, KOREA.

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THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

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MARCH 1940

No. 3

Let Us Hold Up Their Hands

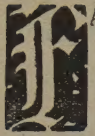
WITH THE COMPLETION of this issue of the Korea Mission Field, Dr. H. A. Rhodes and I lay down our work as editors of this magazine. The new editors, Miss Alice R. Appenzeller and Dr. E. W. Koons, as Editor-in-chief and Associate editor respectively, assume responsibility for its publication beginning with the April number. The change is necessary because of the furloughs during 1940 and 1941 of the present editors who have served the past six years. It is with mixed emotions that we lay down this work, and the name we would apply to such a change would depend upon the mood at the moment the name is given. When we remember the thrill of accomplishment and the fine co-operation of all who wrote for the magazine we would say we were 'passing on the torch', but when we recall the agony of those times when materials for publication all but reached the vanishing point, we would say that we were 'laying down the burden'. But whether it be burden or torch, or perhaps each by turns, we know that the new editors will bear it better than we have done, and the Magazine is entering upon a larger and better period of service to the missions in Chosen and to the sending countries where it is read.

Both the newly appointed editors are well qualified for their new work. Dr. Appenzeller is a second generation missionary, with the added honor of being the first white child born in Korea. For years she was President of Ewha College, the only woman's college in Chosen. Dr. Koons has lived and worked in Chosen for 37 years, during which time he has done both evangelistic and educational work, and has lived in both a country station and the capital city. Dr. Appenzeller is a Methodist and Dr. Koons a Presbyterian. Between the two of them, therefore, they bring to their task an abundant and wide range of experience which will insure their success.

In turning over to them responsibility for the magazine we bespeak for them the same splendid support for and appreciation of their work that we have always had from the missionary community and the home constituency; support without which no one can succeed and with which it would be difficult to fail. We are told that so long as Aaron and Hur held up the hands of Moses the armies of Israel prevail against Amalek. Let us begin now to hold up the hands of our new editors by sending them a 'shower' of articles to print. Who will be the first?

R. C. C.

The Salvation Army Winter Relief Work



FACTS OF HUMAN psychology, like the truths of salvation, have not changed with the changing years and The Salvation Army is still finding itself able to reach with its message men and women, boys and girls, for whom they have first rendered some social service. Our minds are still alert to the need and our hearts were with desire to alleviate suffering wherever and whenever possible. Whether it is among the earthquake stricken sufferers of Chile, the flood-stricken sufferers of China, the life-long prisoners of Guiana, the lepers of Java, the victims of depression, or soldiers and sailors of all nationalities,—we would be of service. And so we are striving, as we have in the past to meet a very pressing need during the present winter months here in Korea.

For some years we have had what is known as the Night Shelter on the Boys' Home Compound. This, a temporary shelter where night by night, homeless boys and youths have found refuge from the piercing cold and, reinforced with a bowl of hot soup and rice in the morning, received courage to face the streets once more! From this Night Shelter many boys have been returned to their own homes to the joy of anxious parents, and a large number accepted into the Boys' Home proper for care and training.

This year the need was greater than ever so that special measures had to be taken to succor the greatest number possible. Various minor difficulties being over-come, we were able to erect a large temporary structure on the Boys' Home Compound, with accommodation for perhaps 80 to 90 boys nightly.

They are a motley crowd that fill that building night after night—but on the whole, all grateful and polite! Some emaciated and ill, others looking far from starved, but filthy and cold! Many of these boys are not beggars but sons of poor farmers who have tramped their way to the City and here finally found themselves forced to beg for a living. Interesting

are many of their stories. Interesting too are the touches of humanity revealed amongst the group. There are two very small brothers who nightly make the Shelter their home. Not only does their smallness attract attention but also the neatly folded blanket carried on the older brother's back. Nightly he methodically unwraps this blanket and carefully spreads it over his little brother before he lies down to sleep himself. Mother is not there but the motherly instinct prevails.

Already ten of these boys have been transferred to the Boys' Home proper where they will be educated and trained for future usefulness. Before the winter is over we anticipate that four times that number will have been accepted as Inmates of the Home. Not all are anxious to enter a well-regulated, disciplined Home of this kind,—the roving life has its appeal in spite of the suffering during the cold months. But 40 at least, we hope, will become part of the Boys' Home family this winter.

The need was brought home vividly to one of our Officers very recently, intensifying the desire to do our utmost,—when, coming out from Sunday morning service at one of our City Corps, he found a little beggar lad just being carried away, frozen to death! Within reach of help, but not quite strength enough to battle through! And he is one of many!

What of the poor families of Seoul? What of the poor farming communities facing a hard, cold winter after crop failure? The outlook seems hopeless. In many cases a little timely help will at least encourage and perhaps fan the spark of hope into a flame until the spring arrives with its new opportunities. Work for relief of such has been organised both in the Capital city and throughout the south of Korea. Preliminary conferences of a Relief Council at the Army's Headquarters having thrashed out possibilities, work is now in process to reach the greatest number with the greatest amount of assistance. A Relief

"COMING OVER TO HELP YOU"

Fund for this purpose has been augmented by a gift from The Army's General in London; every Salvation Army Corps (Church group) has taken an offering as well as gathering together clothing for relief; and friends from all parts of the community are contributing as generously as they find possible.

Assistance is chiefly given in kind rather than in cash. Rice and barley distributions are taking place in every part of Seoul during February; every Province affected in the south is sharing likewise in this. School children of poor families in the stricken areas are being given notebooks and pencils to help them carry on,—school fees having been re-

mitted by the school authorities in many thousands of cases.

Daily, individuals and families make their way up to the Relief Office at our Headquarters, and on investigation, helped as may be thought best,—some with food, some with cash for urgent needs, some with a railway ticket back to their home villages! Others again, go gladly out with a ticket of admittance to the Night Shelter!

In this way The Salvation Army is adding its bit to the great work of Relief going on in Korea today, and glad of the opportunity for expressing the Love of God in Action.

(CONTRIBUTED)

"Coming Over to Help You"

H. H. UNDERWOOD

THOSE WHO HAVE crossed the straits from Shimonoseki to Fusan have doubtless noticed the large number of passengers who come over on each trip. They come to secure Government positions, for business opportunities, to work in mines or factories, or to pass on through Chosen to Manchukuo or even further. But there are not many whose coming is preceded by a message like that which I have taken for the title of this sketch. Chosen has had many good and capable Japanese Government administrators; many honorable Japanese business men; many good school teachers; and many fine Japanese pastors working among the Japanese population in Chosen, but there have been all-to-few who have left their homeland to come to the colder climate and strange scenes of Chosen with a consecrated purpose of helping the people of Chosen.

Our need for the right type of Japanese Christian on our College staff was great. Twice I crossed to Japan to seek such a man for the Chosen Christian College and twice I returned empty handed. The whole question was made a subject of earnest prayer and

then one day, Dr. T. Matsumoto of Aoyama Gakuin in Tokyo who was making a brief visit to Chosen came out to see the College. To him, I opened my heart as to our needs and the splendid opportunity which existed here for both Christian and national service, for Japanese who would come not for salary, not for position, but to serve the people in this portion of the Empire. As I spoke, I saw that Dr. Matsumoto was both interested and moved. He left, but that afternoon called me on the telephone asking that I meet him again and tell him more of the situation. With no more encouragement than this, I put the question directly before him when I called, "will you come?" To my great delight, I found that he was ready to give it earnest and prayerful consideration. There were many difficulties in the way, most of the difficulties involving sacrifice on his part, for he would have to leave his home; leave the institution that he loved and where he was loved, accept a smaller salary; come to live among strange people in a cold climate and face the opposition of many of his friends. Naturally, his decision was not made at once, but after prayer

and consultation in the end, he decided to come. I made still another trip to Japan to secure the consent of Dr. Abe, then President of Aoyama Gakuin. Dr. Abe told me frankly that they would not think of letting Dr. Matsumoto go to any other school or work in Japan Proper, but that Aoyama was willing to make a sacrifice for the benefit of the College in Chosen. The Bishop of the Methodist Church showed a similarly fine spirit. Mrs. Matsumoto who is none too strong gladly consented to make her own personal sacrifice and run the risk of living in a more difficult climate.

The upshot of it all is that on April 4th, Dr. and Mrs. Matsumoto and their daughter will arrive in Seoul to take up his work at the Chosen Christian College where he will be Director of the Religious Work Department, as well as carry a schedule of teaching. Miss Matsumoto will probably enter the Music Department at the Ewha College for women, living with her parents in one of the faculty residences on the Chosen Christian College campus.

Dr. Matsumoto graduated from the middle school and college departments of the Chinzei Gakuin in Nagasaki and from the Theological Department of the Kwansei Gakuin in Kobe in 1912. He then went to the United States to Ohio Wesleyan where he lived in the home of Bishop Herbert Welch whom he regards as a second father. Graduating from Ohio Wesleyan in 1914, he went to Drew Theological Seminary from which he graduated with honors in 1917. From there he went to the Graduate School in the University of Pennsylvania for his M. A. degree ; following this with a year at the University of Chicago Theological School as a Fellow in New Testament studies. Still later, he spent the year 1924-1925 at the Union Theological Seminary specializing in New Testament Literature and Interpretation.

He has been in the Theological Seminary of

Aoyama Gakuin as Professor of New Testament Literature and Interpretation since 1919 and in addition to this, he has filled a number of important positions involving an immense amount of work. He has taught for many years in the Women's Christian College in Tokyo and has been the head of the Religious Work in that institution. He has been a teacher at Tsuda College in Tokyo and has taught in the Girls' High School Department at Aoyama Gakuin and Toyo Eiwa Girls' School at Tokyo. In addition to all this, he is a member of the Board of Education of the Japanese Methodist Church ; member of the Publication Committee on the Library of Christian Thought and Life ; charter member of the Japan Christian Writer's Association ; a member of the Editorial Staff of "The Christian Message" and a member of the Research Group of the International Missionary Council. He is the distinguished author of a number of much appreciated religious works, especially on the New Testament, as well as translator of several other works and a valued contributor to a number of religious magazines. Missionaries and Japanese alike in Tokyo have alternated between congratulating me on our good fortune and blaming me for taking such a man away from Tokyo.

The brief record given above would be enough to recommend Dr. Matsumoto highly to anyone, but in my mind more than his degree, more than the scholarship shown in his published works, and more than his ability as a teacher, shown in twenty years of successful work, more than all these is the very splendid spirit of self-sacrificing service which he has shown. The situation to which he comes is a difficult one involving work in a new situation and demanding co-operation and harmony with both Koreans and occidentals, but despite these difficulties I feel sure that not only his ability but his earnest Christian spirit will bring him a success which will mean much to the College and to Chosen.

An Autumn Journey to Autumnville and Beyond

GEORGE H. WINN

WITH MY GOOD wife to see things with me we arrived at our destination—"Upper Room"—where in the brand new building we celebrated those sacred events that took place so long ago in an Upper Room. From there my wife returned to the capital, while the helper and I started on our round of the churches. A short distance away we came to a hill which has many curiously decorated stones. Whether it is chemical action or fossil formation I am not sure but there are beautiful designs like ferns and flowers and etchings upon the stones. Putting a few in our pockets we spent the day calling at various homes. One of the homes was mourning the loss of a young daughter, an only child. The father, not a Christian, decided to take a second wife into the home, and now she has been led to the church by the legal wife and they attend together. As evening drew nigh we hastened to the church, where Mr. Yoon, the blind deacon, welcomed us to his new home. The little building was filled that evening and as many more again stood outside in the cool autumn air and listened to the Gospel.

Later talking about old times and customs Mr. Yoon said with a sigh that the good days were in the past and western ways were now adopted everywhere. Perhaps if friends from America had seen the manner of our repose that night they might not have agreed with our friend (!), as the night was spent largely in fighting "fierce beasts thirsting for our blood".

Enroute to the Willow-poplar town group, a young girl came running to overtake us. She had recently come to the place and having had Christian connections wanted to be invited to church. Of course we urged that she come, but as the brother runs the local liquor establishment whether he will permit her to come is doubtful.

The next day was bright and warm. We had gone around instead of over the highest peak in that region for over twelve years of travel in that district, so we decided this time to go over it! It is called Crystal Peak because so many crystals have been taken from its percipitous sides.

After our climb we came tired and thirsty to a Christian widow's home where a bountiful supply of drinking water was boiled for us and with persimmons and cakes we had a good noonday lunch. For the next ten miles we rode on the public bus that goes to the coast.

As we went over the last pass with the sun low in the West we met an old man who had come out to welcome us. He had been blind. But last winter I urged him to go to Severance Hospital, for it looked to me as if an operation might restore sight. He finally consented after our second trip last spring. When he met Dr. Anderson he said "I know you can not do anything for me, but the pastor so much desired me to come that I have done it to please him." He returned seeing, thanks to skill and care and now he and his household are all coming to church. He said that for the first time he had seen all of his grandchildren but one.

One daughter-in-law he has not seen yet though she lives but seven miles away. By way of showing gratitude he invited us to have all of our food at his house. May the Lord claim that household for eternity.

The next day was spent in calling in various homes. The head man of the town on occasion comes to the church and his little daughter, Disappointment, comes regularly, so we spent the larger part of the morning presenting the only Way, the Truth and the Life to that household. The old father from the very first did everything he could to oppose and hinder. I thought of Paul's controversy with the coppersmith, who greatly resisted him. We

too felt the power of the forces of darkness that morning. At the next place visited the man was all courtesy and suave and assented to everything that was said! Strange to relate often the one who opposes the Truth comes out before the yes-yes-man.

Years ago there was a little group of Christians in that neighborhood. I have tried to find in this town a single trace of anyone who had been touched at that time. On entering a new Christian home we found the whole household had decided to believe and on inquiry found that years ago this man's parents had been believers in that former group. He had moved away and his parents were dead but on returning to his boyhood home he found the new church in the community and, calling together his family he suggested that they all believe and thus ten new adherents were added to the group—fruition of seed sown long ago.

Making our way to Dragon Peace we stepped aside to see a famous spring which we had never before taken time to go and see. By this spring the whole valley below is made productive and even this year with the drought, the rice fields below it suffered no lack. What a wonderful sight—a life-giving spring indeed, a symbol of the Vision of the River seen by Ezekiel!

As we left the spring we spoke to a man standing outside his doorway. "Oh", said he, "we're not spirit worshippers, we do not keep idols". After a bit of prodding the man confessed that years ago he had been a church attendant and we urged upon him immediate return to the fold.

As we neared our journey's end we doubled up to enter a low narrow doorway, a household where the father's love of drink keeps them in want and distress, but where the family still attend church. The young daughter was feeling sad over the loss of a small child. When I asked what the trouble had been they said it died of "crying"—that it had cried for three days straight and died. One wonders what the trouble was.

Last year I had refused baptism to a young girl at this place because a non-Christian wedding had been arranged for her. However the young man died before marriage so now she has an opportunity to insist that she will not have the unequal yoke.

Near this place tide water rushes through a narrows with great speed and the helper was informing a group of the project to harness the tide and make electricity for the whole region. One replied "Well if a place so out of the way and backwoodsie as your town is to get electricity there's hope for the rest of us!"

In examining an old woman of over seventy for baptism I asked if she had ever done any personal work. "No, never in my whole life" was the reply. Astonished I asked "Do you mean you have never spoken to anyone of Christ?" "Oh yes she said but I've never sent a telegram!" Her deaf ears had mistaken "Chundo"-preaching for "Chunpo"-telegram. She told how she had come to believe. She had been mildly interested and come out to prayermeeting at the home of an ex-policeman. One night it had been raining hard and she did not know that half of the narrow foot-bridge had been swept away; on her way home she fell headlong into the water below. Her screams brought passers-by who rushed in and got her out of the torrent. It was a close call and they said "Now you are saved". "Saved"—the word rang in her ears—was she really? It dawned on her then that was just exactly what Christ does. She was being hurried on to a worse destruction than the water would have brought and Christ had reached down and drawn her to Himself and saved her soul just as those young men had saved her body, ever since she has really understood and rejoiced that God in His infinite mercy saved her from being swept to eternal ruin and death. I felt it right to baptize her though she was a little hazy in some of her answers for the Lord had saved her and she knew it—that was her testimony and may it ever be ours too.

The Gospel by the Wayside

A. D. CLARK

WE HAD CLIMBED out of the valley where we had spent the previous night, over a villainous pass, and were jogging down the long six-hour hike to the next destination. There seemed to be very few people living so high up in the valley, but occasionally we passed one or two at work in their fields and gave them tracts as we went by. About halfway down, we passed one such man and, as we gave him a tract, he said, "Why, I think you must be the teachers I heard would be going by here today". Well, that was interesting. "The deacon in that village 'way up there", he went on, pointing up the trail we had just descended, "is a good friend of mine and he's tried to explain this Gospel business to me, but I couldn't quite 'get' it. He told me there would be some teachers by this way along about now who might be able to help me out. You must be the ones." Naturally, with an invitation like that, we sat down by the edge of the field with him and talked for quite a while about the Gospel and the Saviour who died on his behalf and then, after a brief word of prayer with him, went on down the valley, asking the Lord of the harvest to bless the seed that had been planted there.

The day before, on the way in to the church where we had spent the night, I had a somewhat disillusioning experience. I had sort of drifted into the idea that there was probably no one in Korea by this time who did not at least know the sound of the word "Jesus." After all, the name of Jesus has been proclaimed throughout the land for lo! these 55 years, and while there are plenty of people who do not yet believe *on* Him, I thought there would not be many who had never heard *of* Him. I found I was wrong. The trail led up a long, tortuous valley, crossing and recrossing the mountain stream. About half-way up, we passed through a village tucked into a corner

of the valley, and, as usual, I passed out tracts to anyone I saw. There, was not time to stop and talk with anyone, for it was an all-day hike to the evening's engagement, but we could do this much, at least. One of the first boys to whom I offered a tract, drew back from it saying, "We don't make any rice sacks." I said, "What are you talking about?" "We don't make any rice sacks," he repeated with emphasis. (Every village was being assessed so many rice sacks for use in the National Emergency and he thought I was passing out handbills about that.) I said, "Why these aren't about rice sacks; this is about Jesus." "Huh? What's Jesus," was his reply. He had never heard of Him. Even the name had never percolated as far back as this little mountain village. The people that sat in darkness....

After we left the first man of whom I spoke, we went on down the valley to the inn at the half-way point where we usually have lunch. As we waited for the rice to be cooked, I glanced up on the wall and saw a Gideon Bible hung in a wooden pocket on the wall. I asked the innkeeper if people ever read it. (His wife was a Christian) "Oh, yes," he said, "Quite a few people read it while they wait and many of them say that it contains very good words."

It was during harvest time that I was out in one village and, as it was a busy time, there was no one to be found at home and so I followed them out into the fields. As one man came down the path between the fields toward me, I held out a tract and said. "Won't you accept this tract; it tells about Jesus," and added, "It's free," because they often think you're trying to sell it to them! Now the word I used has a double meaning. It can mean, as I meant it, "It's free," or "Just take it." He took it the second way and shook his head saying, "No. You can't 'just take' one of

those things." Well, you know I have thought about that many times and I rather think he was right. You can't 'just take' the Gospel without doing something about it. Unless it is, with your permission, going to make a vital difference in your life, you can't 'just take' it. But still, I wish he had tried it.

I came to a village where all the men had the same surname as my own. My Korean surname is "Kwak" (broad *a*, remember) and the name-plate at nearly every front gate in the town had this on it. It made a very easy opening for personal work. All I had to do was to walk into a courtyard and say, "How do you do; my name is Kwak, also. I am a Christian missionary and would like to urge you to accept the Christ whom I love. Would you mind if I talked with you about Him for a few minutes?" One old gentleman was quite delighted to find me a member of the clan and proceeded to tell me all about how the family had originally come from So-and-so and had moved in over the mountain back of the village, about a century ago. He wanted to know just which branch of the family I was connected with! I don't know whether he really thought I was a Korean, because of my black hair and eyes, or whether he was just being polite to me!

On another trip to that same village, I was passing out tracts along the way and saw a mourner coming toward me along the river road. A mourner, in Korea, dresses in sack-cloth from head to foot for a period of two or three years following the death of a parent, the reason being that the son is responsible for the parent's death. If the son had not sinned, the parent would not have died. I had with me, that day, some booklet tracts of the Scripture Gift Mission, which are made up entirely of Scripture, and, when he got close to me, I held one out to him and said, "This little book tells about Jesus; won't you take it and read it carefully and accept the salvation He


has to offer." He crossed his wrists on his breast and, with a sort of a madonna look on his face that made me want to chuckle said, "Really, I'm very sorry, but you see I'm in a state of sin, now, and couldn't possibly accept one at this time." That was too good to miss and I said, "Then you're just the fellow I'm looking for. This little book tells you how to get rid of that sin by faith in Jesus Christ. By all means take one and learn the secret of freedom and pardon from sin."

I was preaching one evening in the little church at No Rai (Old River) on the Resurrection. It is one of my favorite doctrines of Scripture for it is the Empty Tomb that makes the sacrifice of the Cross valid for us and gives us the hope that we have in Christ Jesus. The sermon, that evening, was a very simple one, mostly a re-telling of the story of the first Easter Day and the difference it made to the disciples. I got along to the point in the story where the women were going to the tomb to anoint the body of Jesus and were worried about how they were going to get into the tomb when they got there, and then how they reached the tomb only to find the door wide open and an angel there waiting for them who told them, "He is not here; He is risen. Come, see the place where the Lord lay." When I got to this point, a little woman who was sitting right in the middle of the little congregation and who had been a Christian for only about six months, turned to the one beside her and exclaimed in an excited stage-whisper and with a look of incredulous joy on her face, "He'd *risen*!" Till a few months before, she had never heard of that Risen Saviour and now she was "rejoicing with joy unspeakable" in His fellowship.

These are bits by the roadside, parts of a mosaic of missionary life, if you like, rather than a series of completed pictures. Do you wonder that I have often said that missionary work is "fun"!

The Dedication of a Home

ALICE R. APPENZELLER



O BUILD A HOUSE for missionaries to live in has been so commonplace as hardly to be noticed except by those to whose comfort it contributes. But to the missionaries at Ewha College, our new house seemed significant, not only as the completion of the unit of buildings making up the first necessities of the new college plant, but as a testimony to that faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. In these days to provide a new residence for missionaries may seem foolish. Only time will tell; meanwhile the friends who gave us this lovely

home, the women of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and our two patrons, Mrs. P.H. Gray and Mrs. Henry Pfeiffer believe with us that so long as doors are open we must enter them, and that when they shut, others will swing open. So we have settled down to live and work here.

Miss Catherine Baker, Ewha's poet, wrote a beautiful service of dedication, which was used on Christmas Eve, 1938. As many requests have come for copies we send this to the Korea Mission Field, a reminder of our faith in the permanence of the missionary enterprise and of our steadfast purpose.

Dedication of the Ewha College Residence

Seoul, Korea

December 24, 1938

BY CATHERINE BAKER

The Lord's Prayer

Leader: Our Father, for those who by their sacrifice and generosity have made this house possible; for those who prayed that such a house be built; for those who planned the house; for the workmen and artisans who constructed the house,

Response: We thank Thee.

Leader: "These stones are not a hearth, until they know the red and kindly miracle of flame. This house is not a home until love make it so."

Response: Be Thou the flame of love upon the altar of our hearts.

Leader: In the name of Him who was a loved guest in homes,

Response: We dedicate this home to Thee.

Leader: Accept our dedication of this home to Thee,

Response: We pray Thee.

Leader: At this Christmas time when we re-

member that there was no room in the inn for the Child Jesus,

Response: Do Thou ever have an abiding place in this home.

Leader: May each meal be a sacrament of joy because of thy presence. May the walls "be strong to keep hate out.

Response: And hold love in."

Leader: Daily as we go forth from the doors of this home, may we be mindful of the poor and needy, the cold and hungry, the sad, the comfortless, the stricken. May we go forth with a strength to others.

Response: Make us glad that "we have inherited the world's burdens."

Leader: As we return homeward

Response: May we know home's restoration and peace.

Leader: Give us interest in home's smallest daily task,

Response: And prophetic eyes for the future.

Leader: If any sojourner come here ill, may healing be found. May any hopeless child of thine find encouragement. May the lonely find fellowship.

Response: May every guest find welcome here.

Leader: For the beauty of earth surrounding this home; for the sky overarching this home; for the glory of the day and the nearness of the stars,

Response: We thank Thee.

Leader: May this home be like a city set upon a hill,

Response: Light and light's symbol.

Song, "Bless the four corners of this house"

No. 433 in the Methodist Hymnal.

1. Bless the four corners of this house,
And be the lintel blest;
And bless the hearth, and bless the board
And bless each place of rest,
And bless each place of rest;
2. And bless the door that opens wide
To stranger, as to kin;
And bless each crystal windowpane
That lets the starlight in,
That lets the starlight in;
2. And bless the roof-tree overhead,
And every sturdy wall.
The peace of man, the peace of God,
The peace of love on all,
The peace of love on all.

—Arthur Guiterman

The Fire in the Diamond Mountains

S. Y. YUN

ALL OF YOU before now, will have have heard of the fire in the Diamond Mountains, which broke out on the 30th of December. I know you will be wondering what damage has been done.

During the winter months for the sake of my children's education I live in Seoul. On Saturday night I went to sleep as usual. Next morning, however, about five o'clock I dreamed that one of my Diamond Mountain neighbours rushed into our bedroom, rudely awakening us.

"Hurry up, hurry up," he cried. "Your property in the Diamond Mountains is going to be sold and unless you do something at once, you will lose everything. Your boy has misused your seal and become a surety for someone else's debts and now your property is to be sold by auction." What a dream to have on the best day of the year!

Before I had time to shake off the effect of the dream I was half conscious of someone trying to get into our house. Rousing our-

selves we found the stranger to be our neighbour who lived a few doors away. In his hands was an "Extra!" "Read this", he said, the whole of the Diamond Mountains has been burned down, and Onseiri is surrounded by fire.

Next moment I was up. I must catch the first train from Seoul. How I wished for an aeroplane! The journey to the station and from there to the Mountains seemed endless. The long hours dragging slowly by gave me plenty of time for reflection. How glad I was that I had insured my house for ten thousand yen! Certainly not much in these days of soaring prices, but enough to comfort my heart and quiet my agitated mind. With this I mused on things eternal. "What about the fire of death? Yes it is good to insure my earthly goods but how much more important it is to have the sure knowledge that my soul is insured in Heaven for ever, through the Blood of Jesus."

At last I arrived at Outer-Kongo. I was anxious and fearful. For two miles I had

THE FIRE IN THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS

seen something of what the fire had done. The air was close and smelly, so unlike that of a few days ago. I wondered what I was to see. What about my boy and his family? Would they be scattered? Was the house burned to the ground? Anxiously I made enquiries. "What about Onseiri?" "Onseiri is saved", was the reply. What happy news!

A few minutes later found me standing outside my house. I looked and looked, and glad was I to find not a heap of ashes but a building unburned. My son and his wife and family were all safe, but very tired. How thankful I was!

Outside again, with my mind settled I could look around. But what a scene! The blackened valleys full of soot and smoke. The mountains stripped almost bare! What a scene of desolation! Yet out of and above all this the mountain tops reared up, a welcome relief to the eye. Their green pine-trees untouched by the fire, gave a feeling of peace and renewed hope. Here and there too, were flaming tree-trunks throwing out beams of burning light—trunks of beauty on a dark background.

And so, after all, there is no room for despair. The fire has gone, leaving behind it black patches of ugliness, but we look beyond all this to the coming days when the trees that escaped will yet be covered with beautiful green foliage, when the grass will again spring forth abundantly, and God's lovely flowers once more bloom underneath.

And how did the fire start? Here is the story as it was told me. Away back in the mountains, where illegal mining is carried on, a fire got out of control because of a terrible wind that suddenly sprang up. Within a few hours the fire had spread all over the outer mountains. The Pokwangam Monastery

which is beyond Sinkeisa was burned to the ground, but the Sinkeisa Temple escaped, though several houses in front were destroyed.

Whawoole, a small village five miles south of Onseiri, was practically wiped out. One man, a Mr. Kim, suffered a great loss. He had gone to help put out the fire several miles away. When he returned his house was gone, and his four children had perished in the flames.

Nine Dragon Waterfall and Ten Thousand Creature Valley (Manmoolsang) escaped. The rugged rocks, standing out sheer and high checked the devouring fire.

In closing I should like to pay tribute to the gallant efforts of the police and fireman from Onseiri and neighbouring towns. For over ten hours these men worked, not sparing themselves, that our village might be protected. We owe them a deep sense of gratitude. We thank them one and all.

Editors Note:— The Japan Advertiser, a Japanese English daily newspaper, reported on the fire about which Mr. Yun writes, as follows.

"A big forest fire in the famous Diamond Mountains on the eastern coast of Kogen Province, Korea, spread rapidly before a high wind and consumed over 200,000 acres of timber up to noon yesterday, according to Domei. According to information reaching the Government-General the fire was still out of control as there were insufficient men in the vicinity to combat the flames. So far, 22 houses have been burned down in the area along the coast and 100 in the district around the Shinkei Temple. Four persons are known to have been burned to death and one man is missing."



Poems

*Life's Meaning **

Long years my careless soul had led
A life, which living, yet was dead ;
I knew not God, knew not His love
Had sent His Son down from above.

In living death, o'erweening pride,
I thus God's patience long had tried,
Till one in pity came to me,
Showed me that Figure on the tree.

I looked at first with vacant eye,
Thought it not strange a man should die ;
Then slowly from my stupid gaze
I woke with heart and mind amaze :

* *From Moody Monthly, October, 1939, p*

From thorn-crowned head, from pierced side,
From hands and feet, a crimson tide
Flowed down that tree, stained deep the ground,
And in that blood God's life I found.

God's blood poured out, sin to atone ;
God's life given up without a moan,
That guilty men, lost, undone, blind,
Might look, might live, might true life find.

I looked, I lived, then first I knew
Life's meaning, power, and purpose true :
In Christ to live, to move, to be
One with the Lord, eternally.

J. GORDON HOLDCROFT

His Names

Which of all His names do I love the most ?
Shall I call Him, "My Master" ? That means to me
Glad service, a joyous captivity,
My little will in His great will lost.

Or shall I say "Jesus" ? That brings to mind
His earthly life with its toil and pain,
The carpenter shop, the field of grain,
His kinship with all our humankind.

He says I may call Him "Friend," yes I.
This means glad trysts where he lets me know

His inmost thought, and He tries to show
His love for me, so deep, so high.

I needs must name Him "My glorious King,"
"The anointed Christ", "The promised One",
His and my God's "Beloved Son",

"My Lord", Whose glory the angels sing

All wonderful names and full of grace.

But when I stand at his nail-pierced feet

I'll use the name perfect and all complete,

"My Saviour", I'll cry when I see His face.

EDITH ALLEN BLAIR

Daily Manna

Let no tomorrow press its needs,
God will supply them come what may,
As Israel their manna found
So find God's help from day to day
Strive not to store for future use,
Whate'er we save is for decay.
As Israel their manna found
So find God's help from day to day.

According to thy length of days
Thy strength shall be. Through all thy way,
As Israel their manna found
So find God's help from day to day.

Nor poverty nor riches give,
For this alone we seek and pray :
As Israel their manna found
To find Thy help from day to day.

F. S. MILLER

*Ride Out the Storm **

Ride out the storm, O Love !
As eagle soars above the blind
Of tempest's fury, hail, and wind,
Rise up, and dwell above !
Ride out the storm, O Soul !
As ship, gale tossed, its anchors cast
And 'neath the surface-waves hold fast,
Cling safe to faith's atoll !

* *From Women and Missions, Aug., 1935*

Ride out the storm, O Heart !
Hate's ravage and mocking scorn
Are temporal griefs that must be borne.
Said One : "Come ye apart".

Ride out the storm ! Its power
Hope's wing, faith's anchor well may test,
Purge dross, and strengthen all your best
For coming tranquil hour.

SUE COMSTOCK ADAMS

The Biederwolf Leper Hospital

R. M. WILSON

THE NUMBER of inmates in the Biederwolf Leper Hospital at the end of the year 1939 was 712. There were 21 deaths and 30 who returned to their homes, thus making 763, who had received care in the home.

Treatment: Our treatment consists of the following:—injections of chaulmoogra oil twice weekly; baths, good food, happy surroundings, active out door life and work and play to keep them busy. Results have been good; 154 have much improved; 276 some improvement and 145 became worse.

Upon arrival the leper is "down and out", afflicted with the inferiority complex of being an outcast, feared and loathed by all. The picture changes as he becomes one of the large, busy, happy family of our Colony and he soon sees the benefits and the pleasant conditions of life about him. It is a "city of refuge" in the midst of a cold world, and those who enter it soon come to feel that, after all, they are not simply disgusting abhorred outcasts, without any hope.

Eighty scarred but arrested cases have been allowed to marry, adopt a leper child and make their support from small farms of about an acre per family. These are our happiest, busiest and most industrious cases and we are greatly pleased with this experiment.

December 15th was a big day in the Colony as 13 couples were married wholesale and moved into their new cottages. Also seven untainted children were set apart from their parents into a little home for them just outside the Colony gates. There were ten in this group but upon examination by the microscope three were found to have the bacillus in their nostrils, though no outward signs of the disease were evident.

The last week of the year all baptized members met for the election of the various officers for the year. About fifty inmates are elected

or appointed to the various positions. Some of these are the following; executive committee of five; secretary, treasurer, head doctor, head of the school, head of sanitation, farm, fuel, etc. Some of these positions require a great deal of work daily. All such receive a yen a month for their services.

In one day school there are 34 girls and 46 boys, total of 80. These are under the instruction of 10 inmates. A very encouraging thing is that only one of these became worse during the year. The arrest and control of the disease in children is better than in adults. These pupils study half a day and work half a day, the latter being some form of industrial training.

A pretty severe drouth struck this part of Korea and did considerable damage to our crops, reducing our annual income from 400 bags of rice to 72, a loss of over ¥ 7,000. Fortunately the fall crops were good and more turnips and cabbage than ever before produced. Most of their turnip and cabbage crop was put down into what we call "kimchi" the great Korean pickle. These vegetables are packed down in salt with garlic, red pepper, fish, etc. to season them and this pickle will last for a year making every mouthful of rice taste good and affording plenty of vitamins. On my own table this dish is greatly enjoyed.

Finances. Friends may be interested in the sources of our income. This is quite varied but I will give the items for the past year. From the Government-General of Korea ¥38,864; Mission to Lepers in N. Y. ¥37,141; Imperial Household, ¥1,000; Empress Dowager ¥500; (these two items come annually); foreign friends, ¥8,767; Oriental friends, ¥245; missionaries, ¥5,881; inmates, ¥8,678; interest, ¥37, and other items, ¥130, making a total income of ¥106,620.00. The largest item on the expense side was for food, being ¥57,867; the next largest items being for

drugs, ¥9,566, fuel ¥4,550. I will not burden my readers with all 16 items of expense. The total came to ¥100,467.00. The Government's contribution was a 50% increase for which we were extremely grateful.

The coming year is one we have some anxiety about as there has been a steady rise in prices, with drugs, grain and cloth soaring. We trust our good friends will stand by and not forget us so as to help us avoid discharging a large number of inmates before they are cured.

In the spring a good Bible class was held for the leaders and S. S. teachers, led by Drs. Newland, Knox, Unger and Nah. In October a week's revival and Bible study was led by Dr. Bull. In April 64 were baptized bringing our total baptized number to 464. I believe the best results in caring for lepers is where there is a good strong church to bring real hope and joy into the lives of such a people.

On Christmas day Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Pieters gave the funds for a village of eight cottages, this making their fourth village or 39 cottages erected for the married couples. We take this occasion to thank them for their splendid help for the lepers in this as well as in many other ways.

We wish also to thank one and all for the gifts and interest in the caring of these afflicted people.

Two outstanding days in the year are the spring and fall field days when games start early and last through the day, mostly relay races with some forty or more on a side. Then one full day is given over to wrestling and a day to football. It is quite remarkable how they enter into these games in spite of twisted feet, string halts and other deformities.

A group of 15 cripple cases asked for some work so I gave them the task of reclaiming land and promised them fifteen yen. They soon had the place made into a nice garden in spite of the fact that many of them had wooden legs, and some without hands had to tie the shovel to their stubs of arms. I was glad to see the fine spirit of helpfulness. They profited too for we find that work and out-door life is the very best thing for them.

An interesting sight is that of one man with all fingers gone, working in his garden. He does it by typing a hoe to the stub of his arm. It is also interesting to watch some blind man cleaning his rabbit hutch, or a boy without fingers repairing dishes with a glue of his own invention. Certainly, a busy life makes the day shorter and sleep sweeter.

However, it must be added—and one cannot emphasize it too strongly—that the only and absolute condition of a probable arrest of the disease is to take the patient in hand before destruction of his body has gone too far. One case—and there are others—proves this to be true. Mr. Kim has lost his vision and voice; he cannot swallow sitting up, as the food trickles into his lungs; fingers and hair are all gone; and he has been in this condition for the past three years, simply waiting for the end. But this end will be to him not merely a release from physical suffering. He is looking forward with great anticipation to a happy future life in heaven where there is no pain or sickness, and where he will be forever in the presence of Christ. He never ceases thanking God that, although he was brought to this place too late to be healed, he found peace and comfort and hope, in spite of his sufferings.

Corrections

Federal Council Prayer Calendar

Fri. April 5th. Rev. & Mrs. B. A. Cumming.

Add names of children, "Virginia, Mary"

Thur. June 27th. Rev. H. W. Lampe, D. D. & Mrs. Lampe.

Mark present in Korea, Frances*

Fri. June 28th. Rev. & Mrs. H. Lane.

Add to "H" the initial, "W."

Tues. July 9th. Miss B. Loucks.

Change "Evangelistic" to "Educational."

Fri. Dec. 6th. R. M. Wilson, M. D., & Mrs. Wilson.

Delete "James". See Dec. 5th.

Directory, page 17, English Church Mission.

After "Hewlett" add "Hunt, Rev. C., Yaju".

Korean Nurses—Then and Now

LURA McLANE SMITH

NURSING STYLES have changed in thirty years—regular classes of a dozen or two coming straight from two or more years in up to date academies, are a far cry from the two or three or four maimed and halt and blind who were salvaged and made over into real servants of humanity by sheer force of love and perseverance in that first nurses school in Chong Dong back in 1903-6. As I saw the first two graduates in positions of trust and opportunity still bearing the marks of hardship indelibly stamped on transformed bodies and heard their stories, I could but say "These are they who have come up out of great tribulation". That was in the fall of 1911 and a second school had joined the first, viz., Severance; younger well born girls, even academy graduates were beginning to come—not just widows or cast offs.

If only a complete history of nursing in our mission hospitals could be written by one who could truly evaluate service! We have seen some of the pioneer products, evolved from most unpromising material; a cast off wife with nose and fingers gone, a diseased, crippled slave; a school with meagre equipment; and teachers with little language contacts. No pedagogical training; no teaching aids; no literature; among a people who dispised the menial task of caring for the sick as fit only for servants, among such, to exemplify the love of God for the needy so that the first nurses training school was the envy of other hospitals and could not begin to supply all the services soon demanded!

Dr. Cutler and Miss Edmunds (who became Mrs. W. B. Harrison) were the pioneers followed by Miss Shields and Miss Morrison but many others had a share in the lectures—a list over several years reads like a roll of honor—Dr. Gale, Dr. Jones, Miss Jean Perry, Miss Gillett, (now Mrs. H. E. Blair) Mrs. Reynolds,

Mrs. Reppert, Mrs. Taylor, for non-professional subjects, and Dr. O. R. Avison, Dr. Vinton, Dr. Scranton, Dr. Folwell, Dr. Ernsberger, Mrs. Bunker, Miss Cameron and Miss Burpee for medical subjects—with such a sprinkling of Presbyterian names the school was a leveller of mission barriers and a champion of all possible union in service.

In one of their reports the school was likened to an oak shoot from a buried acorn. This was in 1906. Miss Shields planted her acorn and Severance had an oak as a result of Miss Forsyth's efficiency methods in 1911; the new class of probationers of the next spring were as fine a bunch as any you see today. We saw the capping exercises in 1912, saw with interested eyes for someone with a knowledge of tailoring had been used to make the modern nifty uniforms to fit each girl; we had lived next door to the sewing room where every seam sewn had whirled into our consciousness as we studied Korean. That was a great day! But how much more the first one must have been on Jan. 25, 1906 when Miss Edmunds who had even to coin the word nurse "kanhowon" from the Chinese, presented caps to her acolytes.

That winter of 1911-12 saw a "foods for the sick" demonstration by the graduate nurses—Miss Grace Lee, the once crippled slave girl, Miss Martha Kim the noseless lady who shyly covered one hand in the folds of her skirt, Miss Bessie Kim, of good family, thoroughly modern and others who had planned this affair for the doctors. As we went from dish to dish with Dr. W. O. Johnson of Taiku and saw his enjoyment of the so strange flavours, we realized that here was something which would give delight far and wide.

And ere long Taiku and Pyengyang and Songdo and East Gate Hospital, Seoul, did have nurses training schools and gradually the graduates went out to other smaller hospitals,

many to teach. Dr. Cutler's oak shoot had to be transplanted when she moved to Pyongyang; Miss Anderson had not yet arrived to start training in the Hall Memorial Hospital but the "acorns" that had already developed were ready for planting widely. Some are still sewing, and one, the Grace Lee of the first 1908 graduating class became the first Korean women to pass the "Wesang" examination

and become a doctor, not the full fledged degree bearer that Dr. Esther Kim Pak became under Dr. Rosetta Hall's fairy god mothership—but a good working servant of her people, now a slave to Christ in an honored place, heart and hand trained by following the self sacrificing example of those early pioneers, doing menial tasks in the spirit of and with the grace of a daughter of a king.

A Little Country Church

HELEN T. BILLINGS

AS WE WENT WITH Mr. Yun to a little church across the river and we were climbing a lovely road looking down on the river full of pleasure boats and met so many folks with their lunches and often beer, we were much impressed by a remark of his. He said, "We call Sunday the Lord's Day and think if we go to church at 11 o'clock we are gratifying Him". "Why", he said, "that is selfish; we get such a blessing out of it; our tired bodies rest from the labors of the week; our tired brains think His thoughts and find repose, and our tired spirits feast on the Word of Life. What I think we should do is to get up early and worship Him about 8:00 A. M. and then go out two by two where all these poor perishing souls are, working so hard to find a good time, take tracts and share this wonderful hope with others; take a lunch and eat wherever we are when noon comes; stay out till 3:00 P. M. and then go home and rest a little before the evening service. If we did this we would be so happy and the church would grow much faster. I really think the fire would come. I am sure we would want to go to the evening service and to the Wednesday evening prayer meeting to tell others how God blessed the seed we had sown with Him."

As we neared the mountains we saw the new homes going up all around, he pointed out the beautiful piece of land surrounded by

pinetrees overlooking the river on which they hoped to build. They had raised Yen 3,000 which would have been enough when they started but the price of materials has gone up so and is changing so from day to day that the contractor wants Yen 6,000, which is just double what it was a year ago. We went into a nice house where there was an upper room which they have let the church use but the owner's business has failed and he must sell and go elsewhere to find a job. So, any day they may be out of a place to worship. There are three schools nearby and if they had a church building they could get a lot of students. As it is they have more than can be seated.

Soon it will be warm enough to meet on their own church site when it isn't raining. I was impressed with one young man of 25 who said he was leaving that week for Manchukuo to farm. Such a fine clean earnest face. Mr. Yun made no remarks but said, "Let us pray", and such a prayer!

Mr. Yun read John 21:1-17. I had never been quite so impressed with how near the disciples were to being successful fishermen; they were just fishing on the wrong side of the boat. I wondered how near I was to being a successful fisher of men and why I failed. I am certainly not going without tracts again, I am so glad I have a small part in telling the Good News.

The Protestant Church in Chosen

There have been various plans afloat for establishing Presbyterian theological schools since the one in Pyongyang was closed last year. It has already been reported in this column that Mr. Kim Dai-hun, an elder of Seungdong Presbyterian Church in Seoul, announced he would contribute enough for the establishment of such a school in Seoul. A committee was appointed by churches in response to this generous offer, and it has been busy in making plans for the seminary. The site for the school buildings was purchased near Susaik Station. In the meantime, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Churches, too, planned to establish an official theological school which will be located in Pyongyang where the former school was situated. The official permit by the Government was granted to the latter February 9 and the school will be conducted in the former Dongduck School in that city.

There is a definite move to have two general assemblies of the Presbyterian churches. The sentiment was already manifest in the General Assembly of 1939 which was held at Shin Enjui. It seems to be the desire of one group to form a new general assembly which will practically include all Presbyterian churches, except those in Whanghai and Pyungan-Provinces. These segregating churches feel that such an independent assembly will be convenient and necessary for carrying on their church activities. There is also an opinion, however, that such a separation will greatly weaken the unity and power of the church. The new General Assembly is to be organized on March 12th in Seoul.

The Conference of the Korea Mission Council of Methodist Church adopted the following memorial which was sent to the Council of Bishops of the same church on January 20 urging the re-appointment of Bishop Moore for another quadrennium.

"Reviewing the period during which Korea has been favored by the episcopal visitation of Bishop Arthur J. Moore; and appreciating the manifold benefits which we have received from his gracious fellowship, his inspiring messages, and his wise, sympathetic, understanding guidance and supervision; and believing that his experience and knowledge of conditions in Korea will make his presence and guidance invaluable in further development of the united efforts of the Korea Mission Council, we, the members of the Methodist Church, do most earnestly petition the Council of Bishops of the Methodist Church that Bishop Arthur J. Moore be reassigned to this field for another quadrennium." And then the Council further petitioned the General

Conference of the Methodist Church in U. S. A. that provisions be made for a visit annually by the Bishops assigned to Korea.

The present year is a special one for the promotion of religious education of the Presbyterian Churches. It is planned that from July, 1940, a correspondence course be given throughout their areas. Thirty-six thousand people including pastors, elders, church officials, and Sunday school teachers, will be expected to enroll in the course. Five subjects, such as church history, Sunday school teaching methods, and story telling will be taught. The beneficial influence will be far-reaching.

The Pyongyang Asylum for the Aged, has carried on a benevolent work for these many years. Many helpless people have found refuge and rest there, and the work has been a great credit to the church. Recently the institution received a generous sum, as the gracious gift of the Emperor. Mr. Chun-sub Lee, who originally founded the work, plans to form a legal holding body with funds which he has been collecting from his numerous friends.

A few years ago an enthusiastic movement for the betterment of rural life was current. Special institutes were held in various localities to give instruction and guidance in farming. The work has dwindled these last few years, and there has not been much enthusiasm on the part if the church in promoting this needful activity. Still it is significant to note that an extremely constructive work along this time is being carried on by Mr. D. N. Lutz, Pyongyang.

A popular magazine for farmers is published by him. The magazine has a wide circulation, but deserves an even greater one. It is having great influence upon Korean farmers, and it is earnestly desired that those who have had practical direction and guidance in farming should contribute to this periodical, for church has a wide field of service in educating people in modern ways of farming.

At the Union Church service held Sunday morning February 18, on the Ewha Campus, thirty-two young people received baptism. Twenty of them were from Ewha College and the others were from the Chosen Christian College. Also twenty-one girls and four boys were accepted on probation. This is the rich harvest of daily religious teaching in both schools, as well as that of the special evangelistic services at the beginning of the winter term. This fine group of young people will strengthen the ranks of students from both colleges who throughout the years in such services have signified their allegiance to the cause of Christ.

With Thanks to Our Contributors

Two of the articles this month are on itinerating experiences in rural evangelism, two are on educational work and three on social welfare and medical work. Occasionally, as this month, we are able to publish a few poems. The editorial is written by Mr. Coen our Associate Editor. A brief word about each of the others is as follows:

H. H. Underwood, P. H. D., Litt. D. of the Northern Presbyterian Mission is President of the Chosen Christian College. Of some 25 "second generation missionaries" in Korea, he probably longest in service, having come to the field as a missionary in 1912.

Rev. George H. Winn, D. D. is a "second generation missionary" from Japan proper, having come to the Northern Presbyterian Mission in Korea in 1908.

Rev. Allen D. Clark and Mrs. Clark are both "second generation missionaries" of the Northern Presbyterian Mission in Chungju.

Dr. Alice R. Appenzeller writes the introduction to Miss Catherine Baker's article. Both are of the Methodist Mission and teaching in Ewha College for Women.

Rev. S. Y. Yun, a Methodist minister, has for health reasons reside in the Diamond Mountains where has charge of an inn, a church and a school.

All of our poets this month happen to be of the Northern Presbyterian Mission: Rev. J. G. Holdcroft, D. D., recently resigned, who came to Korea as an appointed missionary in 1909; Mrs. W. N. Blair of Pyengyang since 1901; the late Rev. F. S. Miller whose term of service extended from 1892 to 1937, Mrs. Edward Adams of Taiku who came to the field in 1923.

R. M. Wilson, M. D. of the Southern Presbyterian Mission since 1908 has long been in charge of the Leper Hospital, first in Kwangju and now in Soonchun.

Mrs. R. K. Smith of the Northern Presbyterian Mission in Pyengyang came to the field in 1911. During the last few years she has been active in the Christmas Seals Campaign.

Mrs. B. W. Billings of the Methodist Mission came to the field in 1908 and during recent years has been associated with her husband in the work of the Methodist Theological Seminary of Seoul.

The retiring Editor-in-Chief has seen through the press 63 numbers of the "K. M. F." during a period of 5 years, 3 months. The work has been done along with numerous other assignments. The magazine is worthy of the best efforts that the missionary community can give to it. As a parting word may we ask that our readers do not take the Korea Mission Field "for granted" but give it something—subscriptions, articles, prayer and a word of appreciation and constructive criticism, now and then, to the Editors.

Notes and Personals

United Church of Canada Mission

Birth

To Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Knechtel, a son, Donald Chartes, at Hamheung, February 6th.

New Arrivals

Dr. W. R. and Mrs. Reeds, of the North Honan, North China Mission of the United Church of Canada, to give assistance to Dr. Black in the hospital work in Lungchingsun, Manchoukuo. They leave one daughter in the Canadian Academy, Kobe, and have one other with them.

Rev. Roland C. & Mrs. Nunn and child as new recruits to the Mission to replace Rev. the and Mrs. D. A. Macdonald. The Nunn's will live in Hamheung.

Northern Presbyterian Mission

Death

Mrs. Anna S. Harvey, Jan. 27, 1940, aged 73, in Christiana, Pa.

Southern Presbyterian Mission

Returned from Furlough

Miss Ada McMurphy, Mokpo.

Dr. J. F. Preston, Jr., and Mrs. Preston to Kwangju.

Dr. Preston is the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. & Mrs. Preston of Soochun; Mrs. Preston, *Nee* Miss Imogen Bird, formerly Foreign School Teacher in Chunju, is the daughter of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Bird of Washington D. C. They were married at Washington D. C. the latter part of November, 1939. Dr. Preston will have charge of the Kwangju Mission Hospital.

Birth

To Dr. and Mrs. James Wilson, Kunsan, a daughter, Elizabeth Stuart, on February 4th.

Marriage

The marriage of Miss Aurine Wilkins, of Soonchun, Korea, to the Rev. William McElwane of Kobe, Japan, was solemnized in Kobe on December 28, 1939. Mr. McElwane is a member of the Southern Presbyterian Mission in Japan on the staff of the Theological Seminary at Kobe.

Mrs. L. N. Swearer, and Mrs. Alice H. Sharp, formerly of Kongju, Korea may be addressed at their new home, -4501 Longbranch Avenue, San Diego, California, U. S. A.

CORRECTIONS:

Federal Council Prayer Calendar

Wed., Mar. 6th, Mr. & Mrs. M. O. Burkholder
Change "Mr" to "Rev".

Mon. Mar. 11th, Rev. E. Cable, D. D. and Mrs. Cable.
After "E" add the initial, "M".

Tue. Nov. 26th, Miss B. Vey
Change to "Miss V. Bartell".

TRACTS IN JAPANESE

The following Tracts from the Japan Book and Tract Society, have been stocked and orders will be sent out as supplies are available.

Glazed colored paper 4pp., By Mrs. Finley Shepherd	...	20 sen per hundred
Saviour of Sinners	... (罪人の救主)	
God our Shepherd	... (エホバは我が牧者なり)	
Sin and Salvation	... (罪と救)	
The Ten Commandments	... (十 誠)	
The Glory of God and Man's Value	... (神の榮と人の尊貴)	

Sheet Tracts, 8 pages each, four fold	... 50 sen per 100
How to get in touch with God (神に觸れる道)	... Rev. P. K. Goto
The One Perfect Gospel (福音中の福音)	... " "
Why I am a Christian (何故基督教を信するか)	... " "
How to Conquer Trouble and Death (死線と悲哀線を越えて)	... " "
Regenerating Love of God (更生せしむる神の愛)	... " "
The Power of the Cross (十字架の力)	... Rev. N. Tamura
The Unequalled Physician (古今無二の名醫)	... Rev. T. Kawabe
John Three Sixteen (ヨハネ三の十六)	
Lost or Found, which are You? (迷つて居るか戻つて來るかあなたは誰か)	
Herrings for nothing (無代の鯡)	

Small sheet tract, 4pp., folded	... 20 sen per 100
The way to Heaven made Plain (天國に到る路は明瞭になれり)	

Larger sheet tract, 8pp.	... 80 sen per 100
The Ten Commandments with notes (真神の十誠)	... Bishop Fyson

Booklet in blue cover, 8pp.	... 3 sen each
The story of an Artist's Studio (畫室内に起れる美譚)	

The following from Mr. R. G. Wright, Tokyo are also on sale by the Society, at prices shown.

Pamphlets:

The Reason Why	... 62 pp.	5 sen each
Danger and Safety	... 40 pp.	10 " "
God's Way of Salvation	... 48 pp.	4 " "
Safety, Certainty & Enjoyment	... 40 pp.	4 " "
Little Booklets,	3 × 4½ inches.	2 " "
How God Saved an Eye Specialist		
How God Saved a Dentist		
The Lost Sheep Found		
Sheet tracts		
What do you want?	... 36 sen per 100	
The Orphan's Request	... 18 sen per 100	

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Sociology	Stewardship
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Commentaries	Church History
Sermons	Psychology
Biographies	Children's Books
Stories	Bible History
New Believers	Second Coming
Catechumens	Teacher Training

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We are establishing this fund so that the price of books may be as low as possible for the masses This growing Fund now amounts to more than ¥ 9,000.00. Life Membership fees and special contributions are added to it. Have you sent in YOURS ?

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For 1940 we also need funds for publishing some of the Manuscripts we have on hand waiting for publication.

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